

Secrets Of The Moon "Carved In Stigmata Wounds"

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These are the spiritual forms of coma
We have entered a new definition of tradition
With wounds that cannot be cut
Any deeper any wider
Idiosyncratic unhuman instincts of man

Turning strength to a wreck of weakness
With fire and steel burned onto their foreheads
Brandings which mark a new act of behaviour
As we feed angels with pitch and tar

Centres of inhumanity
The foundation walls of Utopia
A kingdom of splendid might
A stronghold of inviolables

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